// Open Letter

Dear Future Me,

I don't know whether you are running after your dreams or chasing away the butterflies in your stomach while talking to your future crush. Instead of waiting for a prince to turn up at your doorstep on a carriage, it's better that you learn how to ride a horse.

I imagine you as an aspiring writer sulking in a 9 to 5 job seeking small pleasures everyday. Even though you are quite distant, I often fantasize about you. Hope you will also have fond memories of me.

In the hustle and bustle of your life, stop for a while (no, no, don't start overthinking), fall in love, get drunk, go on a solo trip and smile at your life for a while.

Very soon, I will fade away with the complexities of life, sprinkling my charm in the form of pixie dust (or nothing if you are too old to believe in fairy tales).

 There are so many things that I have reserved specially for you, so stop sulking that I won't be giving you a proper welcome.

I wish you the best and I sincerely hope that all your wishes (and my unfulfilled ones) are granted by the universe. Do create your own bucket list and fill it up to the brim with your dreams and desires. Think again - if you want to discard any of them in the ocean of life, don't. Instead, conceal them for a while in the sands of time.

Let's meet again someday for coffee (or at work, if you are too  busy) Don't forget to write back to me.

With love,

19-year old self.